

THE PEARL RIVER BANNER

UNAWED BY POWER—UNSEDUCED BY FLATTERY—WE BATTLE IN OUR COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

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THE PEARL RIVER BANNER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

G. J. COHEN & D. CAMERON

TERMS.

Subscription.—Five dollars in advance, five at the end of six months or six dollars at the end of the year. No subscription will be continued until all arrears are paid, except on option of the publishers. Persons wishing a continuance will please give notice thereof in time.

Advertisements.—Inserted at the rate of One Dollar per square (ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

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All job work must be paid for on delivery.

Announcing candidates for State offices will be charged at the rate of five dollars each.

Postage on letters must be paid to receive at once.

A NEWSPAPER.

"With baked, and boiled, and stewed and roasted, And fried and boiled, and smoked and roasted, We treat the town."

A public newspaper, which is conducted with a design to afford entertainment to readers of a great variety of tastes, is a complete salmagundi. It contains a mass of inconsistent, incoherent, heterogeneous, although useful and interesting matter.

The curious, and in some cases, ludicrous advertisements, the contradictory substance of foreign and domestic paragraphs, the opposite opinions and observations of contending correspondents, the great variety of editorial essays and paragraphs, some serious, some comic, some descriptive, some scientific, and some political, the variety of deaths, marriages, markets, stocks, &c., form a fund of entertainment for a world, of which it is in itself no bad epitome.

In a newspaper, the general tenor and arrangement of the various articles of domestic news is not a little curious—paragraphs are thrown together without any regard to the subjects of which they treat—and it is often the case that paragraphs of a character entirely dissimilar are placed in juxtaposition. It is not infrequently that we find immediately after an article of a grave and moral tenor, a bon mot of a tendency somewhat equivocal—a tale of murder is followed by a witty epigram—an account of a public dinner is followed by an obituary of an alderman, or some dignitary who died of apoplexy—after a long array of toasts, comes a pathetic illustration of the evils of intemperance—a homily in favor of the strong moral principles, is followed by a string of paragraphs detailing various cases of theft, fraud and swindling—an essay showing the value of the Union, is succeeded by an article, which smacks strongly of nullification—and a neat compliment to the virtue, intelligence, and good order of our citizens, is followed by account of a horrid duel, or of disgraceful excesses committed by a lawless mob—thus the paragraphs in a newspaper will often follow each other in the same natural order as in real life.

It is also curious to observe the different effects which the various articles of intelligence have on different persons. Thus, one person will turn up his nose at an article on banks, and look for paragraphs on a more frivolous subject—one delights in a tale of slander—another in an essay replete with pious instruction—one is in ecstasies at meeting with a violent political article, another eschews politics, and looks for romantic incidents or stories—one searches for scientific information; another snaps at a humorous anecdote or conundrum—one is in raptures with a piece of poetry, another reads eagerly the account of the money market—our values a newspaper for its numerous list of deaths, another for its long array of marriages.

And thus a newspaper is happily calculated to hit the ordinary and unbounded prejudices of society—to excite and put in motion all the feelings of the human mind. It is a magazine, a toy shop, where every one may find his hobby-horse—and

where all capacities and descriptions may be regularly, at stated times, furnished with instruction, amusement, and information. It is a well arranged table d'hôte, where are found all the luxuries, as well as the necessities of life. The currency of the country is now the roast turkey of the times, and a dish equally sumptuous to the high-toned aristocrat, as to the loafing loco-foco—while the latest news from Washington may be regarded as plum pudding, and is greedily swallowed by all—other subjects act as vegetables—and our packets from Europe bring us condiments in abundance.

Such is a newspaper of the present day—and the family which does not take one, at least is to be pitied. It deprives itself of an important source of information and happiness.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

THE GRAVES OF THE SIGNERS.—We learn that in a conversation several years since, with ex-President Adams, a distinguished gentleman of this city, pointing out Independence Square, alluded to it as a burial place for the signers of the Declaration of Independence. "There," said he, "pointing to the Hall of Independence, they consummated an act which will bear their names down to all future ages—and there also, in the immediate vicinity of that noble Hall, should their bones be deposited; to invite the steps of the patriot pilgrim from other climes, and from all sections of the Union, and excite in the bosom of the contemplative, reflections suited to such a cemetery—consecrated as it is, by all that is calculated to inspire the purest love of country." Difficulties would no doubt attend the complete accomplishment of a design which appears so happy and so laudable. Still they are difficulties of a comparatively unimportant nature, and would soon give way before a little perseverance, and the laudable zeal which would naturally be inspired by such an object. The ground is already consecrated, and the building connected with it is sought out with interest by every stranger. How much additional interest, therefore, would be imparted if the bones of the illustrious sages of the revolution could be there deposited—each with an appropriate monument, marking out the particular burial place, with some brief record inscribed thereon of the prominent and patriotic acts of his career! It is time that this country should begin the work of handing down to posterity in some permanent and affecting form, the memory of the illustrious spirits who, through their wisdom and valor, carved out the beautiful inheritance of liberty, now enjoyed by nearly fourteen millions of souls.

The examples of such spirits should be held up in the most palpable form, to the admiration and emulation of future generations. An incentive would thus be given to patriotic conduct, and the young and pure hearted, while looking upon such a glorious record of the past, would feel the true spirit stir within them, and pant for an occasion of trading in the glorious footsteps of the great prototypes of modern republicanism. How better could such a work be commenced—how more appropriately could such a design be carried out, than the manner we have alluded to, in relation to the signers of the Declaration of Independence? Such a mausoleum would become at once an honor, and an ornament to Philadelphia, and would invite to our beautiful city thousands who, but for that consecrated spot, might pass by as almost unworthy of consideration. The great work might be speedily commenced by our city authorities, in the case of Benjamin Franklin, whose bones now repose within the limits of Philadelphia. Other states would no doubt speedily follow the example, and thus, in the course of a few years, the whole illustrious band would be gathered together, on the immediate scene of their great labor; and the country would at once be rescued from the reproach that now rests upon her, of not only neglecting her national benefactors in the decline of their lives, but of also permitting their dust to remain unmarked by a monument, and unhonored by an epitaph.

[Penn Enquirer]

FRANKNESS.—Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do upon every occasion—and taking it for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend ask a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if it is not, tell him

plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him by equivocations of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend, or to keep one; the man that requires you to do so, is hardly purchased at such a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all men; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to be to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one tell him, not another, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. If the very consciousness of being capable of such duplicity does not degrade you to your own eyes, you must be lost to every noble feeling of our nature. We should live and speak "out of doors," as the phrase is, and say and do what we are willing should be known and read of men. It is not only just as a matter of principle, but as a matter of policy.

HAPPINESS.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says: "The foundation of domestic happiness is a faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness, a confidence in the integrity of man; and the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, reliance on the goodness of God."

Men have tried all sorts of expedients for thousands of years, to obtain wealth and happiness; and after all, it has become pretty evident, that there is no course that wears so well; that is self improvement; that is so certain in its success; that gives so much abiding contentment and independence; the substantial elements of happiness; as habitual industry, tempered and directed by a cultivated mind—be it in the learned or laboring professions.—The consciousness that we are not only providing for ourselves, and those naturally dependent upon, but that we are doing good to society, and thereby fulfilling one of the highest moral obligations, is a rich source of enjoyment, to which the indolent and dissipated must ever remain utter strangers.

THE DEPARTED.—It is wretchedness to kneel by the grave of the departed, who have taken with them the verdure from the earth, and the glory from the sky; who have left home and heart alike desolate; but then the soul asserts its diviner portion, looks afar off through the valley of the shadow of tears, and is intensely conscious that here is but its trial, and beyond is its triumph! The love that dwells with the dead has a sanctity in its sorrow; for love above all things, asserts that we are immortal. But wretchedness takes no form, varied as are its many modes in this, our weary state of existence, like that where the hand is given, and the heart is far away—where the love vowed at the altar, is not that which lies crushed, yet not quenched, within the hidden soul. Hope brings no comfort; for there were cruelty and crime in its promises; memory has no sale; it can, at best, only crave oblivion—and oblivion of what? Of all life's sweet dreams and deepest feelings! Yet, what slight things must, with a sting like that of the adder, bring back to the past—too dear, and yet too bitter!—a word, a look, a tone, may be enough to wring every pulse with the agony of a vain and forbidding regret.

[Miss Landon.]

LEARNING A TRADE.—There are many people who dislike the name of mechanic, and would rather than put their children to a trade, tug hard at their business and live sparingly, for the sake of giving their children a college education. They think meanly of him who wears a leather apron, and is not dressed up in finery and show. This, we believe, is the reason why there are so many vagabonds in the world. Many a son has been sent to college, with the expectations of his parents highly excited—but like the fable of the mountain, had only produced a mole. We think highly of our college institutions, and rejoice to see them prosper; but we are more pleased to see an individual's mind formed in a right current. There are hundreds of lawyers who would have made better mechanics, and have obtained a more comfortable livelihood; and there are, no doubt, me-

chanics who would stand high at the bar, had they been blessed with a liberal education. But if a child have talents they will not remain hid; and no matter what his profession is they will sooner or later burst forth. There are many distinguished individuals in the world who are bred to mechanical trades. Many of the editors of our best journals were mechanics, and do credit to the station they occupy. And our mechanics, on generally speaking, are the most industrious part of our community. They are almost always to be employed. But is not to be otherwise with professional men. They are indolent, lazy. It is an effort for them to bend their minds to a difficult pursuit. They are well informed, because they spend their time in reading; but this is unprofitable business, unless we have something definite in view.

ORNITHOLOGY.—Mr. Audubon has given notice in our paper, as well as in the other Gazette, that he expects to complete his great work on the birds of America, early in April or May next. Seventy numbers have now been issued, and it was thought that ten more would complete the work; but several new species of birds have been discovered by the Prince of Musignano (Mr. Bonaparte), Mr. Nuttall and Dr. Townsend, and these must have a record in the splendid work of Audubon. The whole number of perfect sets subscribed for is about 160, of which one half are in America, and not more than ten or fifteen copies will be prepared beyond those called for by the subscription list.—U. S. Gazette.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

Died in this town (Northside) Molly Payne, whose age cannot be exactly ascertained; all agree that she was as much as 102 or 103, and some that she must have been nearly or quite 110 years of age! And what is still more remarkable than the number of years she had lived—it is affirmed by those who knew her best—that she was never known to tell a falsehood or to say that she doubted the word of any one!—she never tattled about her neighbors, or families—no one could ever make her hear or repeat that, which had not better be told—never went to church for the purpose of making envious remarks upon a new dress or new bonnet, because they might be better than her own, or to ridicule the dress of those who were too poor to afford better. Bump or weak human nature, ever containing elements which out perfection at defiance—she is said to have committed one fault—it was a natural; and he or she, who can count less, let them throw the first stone! The rest of her life was passed, we believe in single blessedness—She was both Deaf and Dumb.

VOLTAIRE AND LA MOTTE.

One day Voltaire when a young man of about twenty-four, read to La Motte, who had a prodigious memory, a tragedy which he had written. La Motte listened with the greatest possible attention to the end. "Your tragedy is excellent," said he, "and I dare answer beforehand for its success. Only one thing vexes me; you have allowed yourself to borrow, as I can prove to you, from the second scene of the fourth act." Voltaire defended himself as well as he could against the charge. "I say nothing," answered La Motte, "which I cannot support, and to prove it I shall recite this same scene, which pleased me so much when I first read it that I got it by heart, and not a word of it has escaped me." Accordingly he repeated the whole without hesitation, and with as much animation as if he had composed it himself. All present at the reading of the piece looked at each other and did not know what to think. The author was utterly confounded. "After enjoying his embarrassment for a short time—'Make yourself easy, sir,' said La Motte, 'the scene is entirely your own, as much as all the rest, but it struck me as so beautiful and touching, that I could not resist the pleasure of committing it to memory.'"

"I wonder," said a woman of honor, "why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in our grand point; he wishes to be master, and so do I."

RETURNING A STOLEN RING.

BY C. SMITH.

"Well lady, take again the ring,
To deck that lily hand of thine,
And with it take the gift I bring
To lay at beauty's golden shrine."

"With every joy and pleasure gay,
May all thine hours roll swift along,
And life in beauty glide away,
Like the rich cadence of a song."

"May friendship shed its single rays,
To make the path before thee bright;
And love serenely gild thy days,
With a more deep and brilliant light."

"And in that future happy time,
Thine earlier friends perchance forgot,
Say wilt thou read this careless rhyme,
And him who wrote remember not?"

"Remember not! and can it be
That joyous memories ever die?
That all my heart can feel for thee
Is but a slightly whispered sigh?"

"Ay, it is written on our lot,
That lot so varied, dark, and strange,
To meet, to pass, and be forgot,
In painful and perpetual change."

"But dash this idle gloom away,
And be again the gay and free;
Thou must not to thy dying day,
Forget this stolen ring and me!"

"O'ER ALPINE PEAKS."

O'er Alpine peaks' eternal snow
Heaven's lambent lightnings harmless play;
Those fires that waste the plain below,
Mocking the valley's paler day,
In robes of light the summit fold,
And crown its front with ruddier gold.

So on the soul, that, true to Heaven
Soars from the world's degenerate thrall,
The storms that other towers have riven,
Scared other hopes, unheeded fall,
But touched with beauty more divine,
In trials stern its virtues shone.

SPECIE.—AIR—"Alice Gray."

"Tis all my fancy painted it,
'Tis lovely, 'Tis divine!
But the coin it is another—
It never can be mine.
In vain I draw upon the banks,
No specie now have they!
Oh! the banks the banks are breaking,
For the want of specie pay."

An eagle's wings are branded,
On its face of spotless white,
On eagle's wings it vanishes
Forever from my sight.
The face was branded not for me,
The wings have winged their way;
Oh! the banks, the banks are breaking,
For the want of specie pay."

A PORTRAIT.

Her close lips
Were delicate as the tinted pencil
Of veins upon a flower; and on her cheek
The timid blood had faintly melted through,
Like something that was half afraid of light.
There was no alight print upon the grass,
On her elastic step; and in her frame
Was a perfect symmetry that seem'd
As a bird's.

MUSIC.—A kiss is the key note in the music of life. It shows at once to what tune the heart is beating.